

THE YEAR 1851.



1581 STANZ MHT



Crown Royal

T H E Y E A R

1851.

Now gone, involved, in ages past away
Since time on earth, for no one thing will stay
A floating thought, on what was lately seen ;
And though a fact, yet much more like a dream.



London :

T. F. A. DAY, 13, CAREY STREET.

(Successor to Mr. Hastings.)

1852.

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Р А З У Е Н

1681

Слово къмъ съдебните земи
Съветътъ юстиціи и тържество
Съдътъ юстиціи и тържество
Съдътъ юстиціи и тържество



БИБЛІОТЕКА
ІМЕНІ СІМ'ЯНІ
(Ім'я Сім'яні)

THE YEAR 1851.

A WORK was done, the like not known before,
Which brought us pleasure, and yet something more :
Proofs undisputed of triumphant skill,
Each nation's tribute, sent with right good-will,
In peace conceived, and by a few contrived ;
In splendour lived, and to the end survived.
A thousand ill forebodings saw no light—
Mere brainless phantoms, lost in endless night—
Nor work or workmen in the least disgrace ;
Miscarriage none, in money, time, or place.
Once set on foot, would not admit of change
This vast conception, with its ample range,
In frame and fashion new, no forms to guide,
Our country's boast, the Prince and People's pride.
Contending spirits did not waive their right
To find mistakes, and urge each oversight :

Fine trees cut down, the growing grass destroy'd,
Men's peaceful homes to be no more enjoy'd ;
Bright prospects dull'd, each day incessant noise,
The rushing crowds, disturbing tranquil joys,
The poor man's park, this mischief will invade :
And all for what?—to swell the City's trade !
Broad waggon-wheels their crushing weight will use,
And cart-horse heavy, wearing iron shoes,
On gravel paths, for ladies' feet design'd :
Could any tyrant king be more unkind ?
No day like this, had princely merchants seen
Their patrons—noble, people, Prince, and Queen.
Each step was anxious, overwhelm'd with care :
The chosen spot, a piece of land quite bare,
What sort of building, and the sums to pay,—
These troubles came, whilst time refused to stay ;
What shape and form, how high, and wide, and long,
And though of substance, airy, light, and strong.
The plans sent in were number'd by the score ;
Beside all these, there wanted yet one more.
As oft in summer time, when baskets come,
We cannot find a nice ripe juicy plum ;
The moving seasons, pressing hard on time,
The call increased to get a good design.
A plan was chosen, one they thought would stand ;
But, not well pleased, things linger'd still on hand.

In haste at last, and all at once, there came
 One not a builder, though well known to fame ;
 A sketch in part he brought, and said if they
 Would for the rest but wait another day,
 And for the present let him then explain—
 In fact, to town, he for that purpose came—
 By line and rule, he thought he might procure
 Their choice and approbation, though not sure.
 The room proposed was large, and amply wide ;
 The top was light, and light the ends and side—
 A sort of summer-house, or cool retreat,
 Where plants and men and merchandise might meet.
 An iron structure, in extending squares,
 Glazed top and sides, its use he then declares,
 Would goods admit, and give all sorts of light,
 And be an object pleasing to the sight.
 Though just before another choice was made,
 'Twas thrown aside, and every order stay'd ;
 And this intruder, though he came so late,
 Did then and there secure his winning fate.
 The chosen show-room then began to claim
 A form distinctive, and a Royal name.
 The Crystal Palace common people said,
 When first they saw its rising glassy head.
 And now compartments sovereign states require
 Their goods to show, and neighbours' goods admire.

And sluggish natives then soon join'd that race,
And both together struggle hard for space.
Some chose the sides, and some the middle way,
In this forthcoming novel, grand display ;
And feet and inches in importance grow,
When kings and princes wanted them for show.
Meanwhile, in crowds, both men and goods arrive,
And all that come, for friendly honours strive.
And day by day, for many weeks, the throng
Raise hopes and fears and expectations strong.
Each corded package and each foreign name
The strangers' visits to our isle proclaim ;
The waggons loaded and the crowded street,
And faces new, which everywhere we meet,
Foretell the pregnant coming, stirring time,
When each forebodes that he at least will shine.
The busy hands and active minds intent
Drag on, with anxious toil, the great event ;
The proud mechanic, and the patriot too,
Were now convinced that they had work to do.
Still more than this, they plainly then foresaw
No favour could be gain'd by stealth, or law,
Nor yet for substance, give-out surface show
To those who would, the truth much better know ;
Nor yet again mere shadows long intrude
Since what was shown would be for months review'd.

Thus was each man on merits forced to stand,
In this great trial in our native land.
The crowded city, with her countless store,
Had then commands to hold a million more.
The fright was great : where could such numbers go ?
No vacant place these thousands to bestow.
Mere beds and bedding, common drinks and meat,
These things alone would fill some miles of street.
Unruly men in crowds had always been
To states destructive, as was often seen :
Who would control for such a host provide,
Or say, Be still, and lay your fears aside ?
Impulsive steps all social states must feel ;
Could magistrates their hopes or doubts conceal ?
Would not such numbers some bad men persuade ?
Had not politick cries become a trade ?
Were not, from every country, men to come,
On novel, heedless courses bent to run ?
Uncheck'd, unnoticed, and as natives free,
In bold aggressive crowds might soon agree.
Was not this case most fairly one of doubt,
What sort of evils might be brought about ?
Since invitations had been freely sent,
The state for once must hazard each event.
If bad men only should the work assail,
The good intended might at last prevail,

And greater glory would accrue to those
Who with success did wicked men oppose.
Let desolating war henceforth subside,
That frightful germ of cold and selfish pride ;
Since all disputes, in every age and day,
Have had this end, to make the loser pay.
Revenge, indeed, that raw and savage fruit
Of every breast that's kindred to the brute,
Produces war as much, and often more,
Than keen resolves to rob each other's store :
Let peace and truth these combatants persuade,
Their quarrels are but items lost in trade ;
Men's haughty souls might then their follies see,
And Commerce, chance to make both sides agree.
Man uncontroll'd, is one that all may dread,
He never rests till every foe is dead ;
And all are foes who dare his will withstand,
Though death, and blood, and rapine stain his hand :
When once by him some thousands have been slain,
That's execution done to swell his fame,—
Not vulgar murder : that's a term, indeed,
When thief or scoundrel makes his victim bleed ;
But thousands slain, or forced at once to die,
Lifts up the hero past the soaring sky :
On these distinctions tyrants long time thrive,
They men destroy to keep themselves alive ;

But peace would make for each a pleasant home :
Death follows war, and wives and children groan,
And in a moment all we love and know
Depart away, like heaps of melted snow !
All those who this eventful year survived,
May think of those who just before had died ;
And, furthermore, of those who had not been,
Since what's occurr'd is but to them a theme.
Men have adverted, in this sort of way,
To things which fame had rescued from decay :
Paul's preaching worthy men much wish'd to hear,
And authors, great events have wish'd to clear.
Olympic games will never more return,
Of Roman triumphs have we aught to learn ?
Our peaceful platform well deserves a name,
And something more, upon the roll of fame ;
This present age must think of what they 've seen,
A sight whereof no former proofs had been.
The men whose tongues would not with ours unite,
Whose dispositions rather were to fight,
These men were ask'd to lay aside their arms,
And works produce which had far better charms ;
For wit and skill were now to take their turn,
Whereby we all might more of genius learn,
Warm comforts seek of sweet domestic life,
And no disputes to end in mortal strife.

Were men with men a little oftener seen,
Some follies surely never once had been ;
For potent common sense is apt to shine
When not restrain'd by age, or race, or clime :
Let this the first of all such gatherings be,
But not the last that England is to see.
The splendid baubles kings delight to wear,
Who sit in state, oppress'd with worldly care,
Are fitting things for this important view—
That common eyes may look them through and through.
Rich jewels bring, men buy for show or state,
Whatever else is rare in worth, or great ;
Let kings and nobles with each other vie,
And pass beneath the artists' piercing eye,
Who will not spare, nor will they favour show,
But on the whole a righteous judgment throw.
These things and others, proving art and skill,
Were forward brought with hearty right good-will :
What nature gives, for ornament or use,
Men were invited also to produce ;
Keep nothing back to balk the coming day—
The best of all things at this time display,
For why should men in works of art dispute ?
But to excel, not quarrel like the brute.
If all the world, or only half, would show
The wondrous things that men of skill do know,

Is there a want which we might not displace,
And make our troubles wear another face ?
Achilles, Hector, Priam, and their tribe,
Must be no more, but wholly laid aside,
And this by men, whose breasts were always stout,
And of whose prowess there could be no doubt ;
Whose courage had been known a thousand years,
Who could afford to smile at nations' fears.
No contests here for casts, or prejudice, or pride—
All such by gentle force were thrust aside ;
For unseen Knowledge sat upon her throne,
Her just decrees were all obliged to own.
The prince or nation of a high degree
Artistic eyes refused to know or see.
If there were merits, such were brought to light,
But underwent a scrutinizing sight ;
If none, they fell deservedly behind
In their own rank, with others of their kind.
Is that your work ? then that with this compare,
You have not shown enough of anxious care ;
You miss the prize, your work is incomplete,
Neglect, has been the cause of your defeat.
The rival heroes make a bended knee,
Enforced on them by what they hear and see.
No prince or potentate could this have done,
But men for English justice here had come.

A little time, these scenes will be no more,
And for the sight green fields we must explore ;
And by conjecture now and then divine
The favour'd spot, long hid by sluggish time ;
Recall the scenes as best we may or can—
Time past is rarely given back to man.
When unborn distant ages shall inquire,
What were those glories we did once admire ?
No prints, or pictures, left to serve the turn,
But words alone their only means to learn,
The poet then, how sad his work must wait !
If written well, past scenes will recreate,
And by his aid that future will regain
Those long-lost views, preserved by common fame.
Though wingèd Time may tell him, Die he must,
And leave his flesh and bones to feed the dust,
His mental labour yet may shun decay,
In triumph rise, on some far-distant day.
The icy coldness of the passing hour
Will then have reach'd its utmost stretch of power.
Sweet Patience whispers, Never mind the grave,
Write well, if you your credit wish to save !
The day arrives for this important view,
And thousands crowd to see a thing so new.
They each and all with one accord unite,
To call the same a vast and glorious sight.

Their admiration took a silent turn,
And works stupendous all at once men learn.
The room itself, without one subject more,
Of skilful art was an abundant store.
The height, and width, and space, you may suppose,
Trees sixty years of age it did inclose,
And yet left room, as was the grand design,
For simple useful art, and works sublime.
The builder came to feast his wondering eyes,
And glut his thoughts with somewhat deep surprise.
The sculptor came, and found an ample space
For all the figures of the human race.
The princely merchant found quite close at hand
A something brought from almost every land,—
The gorgeous east, the frozen northern clime,
And western states, that now begin to shine.
Here traders came, in happy concert meet,
To see, and hear, and learn, not for defeat.
Can any name a spot, that did not send
Some trifle, just to say, I am a friend ?
Who can recount the numbers that did more,
Those pious friends of peace, a goodly store ?
With music fill'd, the ends and sides rebound,
The organ's loud, majestic, sacred sound.
The fountains, flowing, yield their spreading spray,
To cool the heated, broiling, sunshine day ;

The cotton vestment, over all outside,
To check the sunbeams in their strength and pride.
The day was grand, the seasons did conspire,
And thousands came this splendour to admire.
For five whole months the doors were open wide
To let in daily an amazing tide.
This glass and iron building held a throng
Of human beings fifty thousand strong ;
And more than once was this great number there,
To see this sight, surpassing new and rare ;—
No tumult, riot, hurt, or cause of blame,
Since each and all for more instruction came.
Yet for admission each had first to pay,
Without expense there can be no display.
From distant lands came men of every tribe,
Large country groups, all walking side by side ;
Though not confined, they dare not run astray,—
They might be lost, at least for one whole day.
With deep intent a passing view to make,
Six hours went, if you had nought at stake.
And those, who had not so much time to spend,
Must come again, ere they could see the end.
The scene was rich, yet was there no constraint,
Nor one found out that chose to make complaint.
The treasures placed within this room of glass,
Of kingdoms many, did in wealth surpass—

All useful things, not showy children's toys,
Mere playthings made for little girls and boys :
The poor man's child found here and there a friend,
And parish schools some wealthy man would send.
Each banker, merchant, and great house of trade,
Their servants likewise sent, and for them paid.
Thus nearly all, by fate or fortune blest,
Of handiworks of man, then saw the best.
If kings were absent, on the plea of trade
Here what was shown was for the people made.
Kings are not now, as once upon a time,
When half the world did call such things divine.
The Queen, our lady, coming day by day,
Like other folks was also forced to stay.
So vast, so wide, and such an ample store,
One little space, when seen, provoked still more.
Kind friendly visits were each morning call,
She came to see, not one alone, but all.
Her well-known pleasing face and beaming eyes
Were to each stand another glittering prize.
All sorts of detail cannot be dismist,
Nor will this style admit a common list.
Let one example for this turn suffice,
In words or measure be not over nice.
Some stubborn rules are said to make things clear,
No doubt they please the pedagogues severe ;

But smooth and easy pleasant rules we see,
Nine times in ten, with common sense agree.
A watch of any sort or size or make,
And yet so strong, no common wear would break,
With jewels set, in best and newest style,
Whilst winding up, yet going all the while.
Its worth and goodness fill another page ;
But space is urgent, in this early stage ;
Ten lines of praise each one might think of use,
But single names will be much less abstruse :
Screws, curtains, tables, chisels, elbow-chairs,
Steam-engines, bonnets, shirts, and such-like wares ;
Pumps, printing-presses, cooking-stoves, and grates,
Machines for reaping, gold and silver plates ;
Horse harness, boats, rings, thimbles, hives for bees,
Lamps, buckles, clocks, and toasting-forks for cheese ;
Straws, plain and platted, colour'd wools, and thread,
The silk-worms' labours, after they are dead ;
Ploughs, anchors, clay, and potters' brittle ware,
And all but speaking marble, cut with care ;
Woods carved and painted, cotton goods well dyed,
Wrought iron, cut and polish'd, England's pride,
That noble metal, of which this is told—
Its worth intrinsic equals that of gold ;
Hair, leather, glass, and lace, each counter strews,
Silks, cottons, woollens, velvets, nails, and shoes,

In boundless scope of endless forms and size,
For taste, for use, and to create surprise ;
Swift spinning-wheels, those treasures of the day,
Whence ladies' dresses come so cheap and gay ;
Beside the metals, hard, and firm, and fast,
We miscellaneous then may place the last,
And postpone others for some little while :
Some lighter, better hand may mend this style.
Refreshment-rooms had not a drop of wine,
Cold water plenty, did you so incline ;
But coffee, tea, and cakes, and such-like things,
From whence a pleasing cool refreshment springs,
Might there be had ; a sound and wholesome rule,
Which placed a check upon each drunken fool.
At ladies' cloak-rooms, some must stop and stare,
Male country cousins wonder'd what was there ;
But of that prison-house, and deep recess,
Wide open eyes and mouths were left to guess ;
But in the place where gents had leave to go,
The writing on the wall, of course, we know.
A critic writ these words, we must suppose—
Before you leave this place adjust your clothes,—
A rough address, if not at best unkind ;
Much better far some gentle hint to find.
Outside this door perchance you meet the Queen—
Let not your business here be known or seen.

All sorts of caution bold pickpockets dare,
And came to seize what no one had to spare.
A case or two occurr'd for deep lament,
Some keys, some lunch, and penny-pieces went.
A word or two on those good friends who sent
Their works and trophies, which they kindly lent,
From Jersey, Guernsey, Malta, and the isles,
Those sea-invaded shores where plenty smiles,
Whose sun-lit lands our roving thoughts employ,
When clouds and showers, as we think, annoy.
Their cooling, fruitful service, farmers know,
By well-fed sheep and barns that overflow ;
The German States, that scorn the mind's control,
Whose writings teem with wonders of the soul,
Were roused to action, when our summons came,
To take their place with undiminish'd fame.
The French, intent on ever-restless change,
Polite and polish'd, but to business strange ;
Although our neighbours, none indeed so near,
On their incessant change we look with fear.
In hearty zeal they undertook their part
To send us useful clever things, and smart.
The Spaniard, once the pride of human race,
But now, for many years, in deep disgrace ;
We may not, if we would, these men forget,
How large a sum they stand in England's debt.

The Prussians bold now lay their arms asleep,
Some days of pleasure they resolve to keep.
Our little island many wish to see,
And by what means we live, and are so free.
Ceylon, Brazil, Denmark, and many more,
Peru, Capes Horn and Hope, bring out their store.
The Belgian race, brought forth in modern time,
Of life distinct now gave an active sign.
Their king half English, they respect the name,
And pleasure felt when first proposals came.
The Turks, on slaves and slavish counsels bent,
Could not resist this bold and free event ;
On swords, not books, they as it were depend,
Which corresponds with what they had to send.
They oft despise each foreign, thinking man,
Who will not bow to their beloved Koran.
Nor yet was Egypt, though of ancient date,
One whit behind a modern active state.
Where Greece is said her knowledge to have gain'd,
Let not the name of Egypt be profaned.
Had Russia freedom, or but sense to know
How rich and strong men left alone would grow,
Her name and station had been something more
Than is conceded to her ice-bound shore ;
May our example spread that light of day
Which Russian rulers think of with dismay !

If Persia, solemn, grave, reserved, and grand,
Would once again amongst great nations stand,
She must, in many things, give way, and bend ;
To modern usage somewhat more attend.

Say why is Portugal this world behind,
Since earth and seas and sun to her are kind ?
Her wretched darkness, cruel Rome declares,
Is for her good ; priests take on them her cares.

Austria must, in many things, give way ;
Despotic rule is not a lasting sway.

The meek Chinese are welcome friends indeed,
If perseverance holds, they must succeed.

Her curious arts are not so fresh or new
As many thought she would have brought to view.

Greece is a name, but manhood wants, and life.
Her struggles yet are but a mass of strife.

Submit and learn ; sweet Commerce paves the way
Whereby sound reasons get a better sway.

Bold Sweden may not boast of pleasant fields,
But then each mine an ample treasure yields.

Sad Rome with us has no one kindred thing,
What can or dare her natives send or bring ?

Mere human signs inclosed within her wall,
Priest-ridden creatures round about her crawl ;
For ages past, a mass of horrid gloom,
Where sense is not, and reason finds no room.

Men ruled by priests in vigour fall away,
 Dark nights they love, and hate the open day.
 Men are not men when priests prescribe and rule,
 But lazy drones, put out to nurse or school ;
 The mind oppress'd, each man is there a slave,
 A chain his cradle, his release the grave.
 Thus will her sons to endless time remain,
 Unless they rise and rule in their own name.
 In Hamburgh, commerce finds a trusty friend—
 They buy, they sell, and what they get they lend.
 Men in their sons a sense of greatness feel,
 They whence they spring can no long time conceal.
 The West, that spacious continent and land,
 Americans possess and hold in hand,
 Our language speak, and honest customs use ;
 In this respect our credit they abuse :
 They say, black men on earth should not go free,
 Nor read nor write, for then they plainly see
 That mental strength would make their captors quail,
 Their yoke drop off, as clouds in sunshine fail.
 What though we once had done these black men wrong,
 And took them captive when we were so strong ;
 We have repented long and long ago,
 As you, our children, very well must know.
 Remove at once this hateful, horrid stain,
 And that ill odour clinging round your name.

But what a wretch, a wretch indeed, is he
Who in this land, where he himself is free,
Can use his pen to crush the fallen slave,
In soft, reluctant words, as if to save !

Let Scotland or the times produce that man,
But all the world beside do what they can
To strike the fetters from each tortured soul,
And place them free beyond man's foul control.

Much better far be thirteen states again,
Than by great numbers try to hide this stain.

Some islands have we in the Western Seas,
Jamaica one, and some things came from these.
Great Carthage, once a mighty ruling state,
Reduced and lost when Rome was most elate.

The western coast of Afric's burning sand
Is now, we hope, some day to make a stand.
Most welcome tribute from her shores there came
A leading step to rescue her lost fame.

If mountains raise the mind or thoughts on high,
Then Switzerland at least is near the sky.
Her kindred mind we own : she loved to see,
As we ourselves, the people dwelling free.

She came and placed with us her little store,
The worth was not in gold, but something more.
These were the nations which, invited, came,
And many others of less note and fame.

A mass of mind, discordant as the sea
When blown about by every wind that's free.
Enormous credit to the Prince we give,
The plan was his, and to the end did live.
These brought their goods, great works of art and skill,
And laid them down before us with good will ;
In open competition to be shown,
No matter who, might something better own.
Each had, in his own thoughts, produced the best,
Till brought to light, and placed beside the rest.
Without religion, all is lost and vain,
No people now on earth have such a stain ;
In many forms, but each in his own way
Declares his trust in Him who rules the day ;
And where we dwell, in this our native land,
For prayers and praises many temples stand—
Each for himself, where he may offerings bring,
His psalms repeat, and hymns devoutly sing.
Nor was this sacred duty laid aside
On that great day, of which we think with pride.
Though some suppose truth may itself decay,
Truth is not hurt by anything we say ;
Truth will not bend to any foolish scheme,
Nor yet become a wild or abstruse theme.
Though Acts of Parliament we all adore,
We want no Act to say twice two are four ;

Yet teachers many in abundance thrive
Who will insist that two and two make five.
How strange a story this for truth to tell,
When men on earth do speak of heaven and hell !
The Queen then coming, with parade and state,
And well attended by the rich and great ;
Themselves and parents having long before
On acts of public worship laid great store,
For good example, we and they well know,
To better practice is most sure to grow.
A priest there came—a worthy, honest man—
To give his sanction, and approve the plan,
And offer up a fitting course of prayer,
For blessings then, and providential care :
Almighty Strength and everlasting Power,
Whose might resistless rules the passing hour ;
By whose permission all things move and live,
Who dost to all Thy creatures, bounties give,
Men's wicked thoughts, and hands, turn Thou aside ;
Divert our minds from foul, corrupting pride ;
Let all assembled here, Thy presence know,
And feel, that Thou art dwelling here below ;
Let Thy protecting counsels ever sway
The hearts and minds of those whom we obey ;
Destroy the rebels' wicked, vicious hands,
Their dens expose, Thy love protect our lands.

Be Thou our Guide, our Guardian, and our stay,
Whilst here on earth we pass our time away.
On this attempt to spread abroad Thy praise,
That blessing give which strife and envy stays ;
With kind affection move each stranger's breast,
To know and learn that peace is always best.
Our fierce, unruly wills do Thou restrain,
Since we are here in Thy most holy name ;
Nor let our passions this good work defeat,
But give us strength, each hostile foe to meet.
This labour here begun do Thou defend,
Thy watchful care preserve us to the end.
Let now our emblems truth and justice be,
That we our stranger-friends, again may see ;
And looking back, no harsh reproach may find,
Not even this, that we were once unkind.
Thy blessings give, for we are in Thy hand,
And by Thy will, and for Thy pleasure stand.
Vain men are here but creatures of a day,
Whose lives, like fleeting moments, pass away.
Regard the generous, noble, good intent
With which this vast display was plann'd and meant ;
That zeal which touch'd this large extended base,
Our fellow-men, of every clime and race.
When we at home survey our country round,
And note the riches and the wealth here found,

The settled laws, our happy course of trade,
Thy hand is present, we ourselves persuade.
The bread we eat, in rich abundance sent,
Makes even sceptics, of their doubts repent ;
The fruits in season, which unerring came ;
Our days and nights, the sunshine and the rain,
The men of skill, the bold yet just design,
And all things else when wanted at the time.
Nor may we yet forget to make this boast,
Our country's pride :—her living human host,
The aged men, declare, as is the case,
Within their days they count a double race :
To those in manhood and the prime of life
Wars are unknown, this world's most bitter strife ;
To Thee our thanks for this relief we owe,
Which Thou alone didst on our land bestow.
This token is, to us a further sign
That Thou art present at this very time,
And may we all in prayer and praise unite
In thanks to Thee for this most glorious sight ;
And when at last the evening shades draw near,
The closing scene, when autumn leaves appear,
And all this marvel, grand and pompous show,
Shall disappear like heated melting snow,
The scatter'd owners, never more to meet,
Or ever once again each other greet ;

But for this hope, when death has set his seal,
Thou wilt some other joys to us reveal.
The black, corroding mask of deep despair,
Our lives had crush'd with bitter, endless care ;
But in Thine hand, and Thine enduring might,
Death is to us but as the passing night
To that bright morn where no one speaks of time ;
Which, once to see, is ever more to shine.
The singers then advance, the organ plays,
They forward come to sing their Maker's praise.
Young children's voices join the happy choir,
To make the strains of music rise up higher ;
The rolling drums the larger throngs invite,
The melting flute her softest tones unite :
On high He reigns, o'er angels holds His sway,
The swift-wing'd lightnings His blest will obey ;
The depths of seas are under His control ;
The stars He made, and man's immortal soul ;
The sun, and seasons, of His glory tell,
The fruit, the vintage, and the field as well ;
The air we breathe, the earth on which we tread,
The living voice, the carcase lying dead—
His power show, His boundless will declare :
All living creatures of His bounty share.
Who can the wonders of His hand reveal ?
The mountain hide, or grains of sand conceal ?

His piercing eyes in such swift courses go,
What can be hid, what can poor mortals know
He nothing asks ; we hear Him kindly say,
Your wants declare ; I 'll hear you when you pray
On these occasions, is there not well known
A hymn of praise, that stands almost alone,
A contribution by a foreign hand,
In merit destined very high to stand ?
Though since he wrote an age has pass'd away,
This noble work of his does not decay.
And time, that oft the strongest structures rend,
By softest music has been forced to bend,
And give a triumph to that art divine,
Which lapse of ages suffers yet to shine.
Had England once, or has she even now,
That man to whom her artists all would bow ?
Or, wanting natives, did she boldly say,
Your house and kindred leave, and with me stay
A man of mind, and of performance known,
To England came, and made her land his home
Whose works amidst the constellations shine
In youthful vigour, caring nought for time.
The few that did with him in art compete
Were thrown aside : his skill did them defeat.
Though now long dead, his writings yet do live,
And grateful pleasures never fail to give.

Has music any parent like him found,
Her form to mould and give each pleasing sound ?
The massive chorus clings to Handel's name,
And swells the volume of his well-earn'd fame.
His grand conceptions, as we well have seen,
Were subjects sacred, or some holy theme.
The wondrous notes that from his fancy sprung
Are heard in raptures, and by thousands sung ;
His fame, his skill, his credit, all combine,
Of music strains, the just, and true sublime.
Does not his name in happy concords sound ?—
A friend to music, none more faithful found.
What greater glory can a man achieve
Than what he gives should woeful wants relieve ?
Is not Messiah past all common doubt,
Unrival'd yet by any work that's out ?
A good old friend, and servant to the poor,
Which does for them some blessings still procure.
A further tribute to his fame we bring,
His Hallelujah with delight we sing.
And this great gift of our adopted son
Through endless years will make his praises run.
The trumpets sound, the heralds then proclaim,
The doors are open in their Sovereign's name.
The crowded ranks on every point disperse ;
In little knots they here and there converse.

For knowledge comes in many different ways,
And travels much before it stops or stays :
Whilst some in metals thought themselves profound,
They soon a finer, richer sample found.
Another had his views most firm and clear :
A workman came, which made them disappear—
Who had perfection always in his view,
And pass'd the other, though his works were true.
The first of places in the builder's line
Is he who plans and makes the grand design.
Here Joseph Paxton finds his honour'd name,
This mark he earn'd of long-enduring fame.
The next is he who does the structure raise,
And Fox and Henderson for this we praise.
The building up, men brought their wonders in,
And other works and labours then begin.
In each department men of skill were named,
For every fault, no doubt, to be well blamed.
Their posts, were posts of honour, not of pay ;
They gave their knowledge, time, and skill, away :
But by this means no cause for blame arose,
Which human foresight could not well suppose.
Herein, was love and harmony combined—
A sure result, when govern'd by the mind.
Their honour'd names, as is most just and fit,
To distant ages humble pens transmit.

The silent labours of such men as these
Put toils on them, and brought us greater ease.
In eight and twenty ways they did divide
That work of theirs on which they would preside.
Till marble records are prepared by fame,
Let pen and ink preserve each worthy name.
Ward, Wild, and Playfair, Reid, and Dilke, and Cole,
Though common names, they well may lead the whole.
And Wyatt, Earie, Wade, and Owen Jones,
Which that line fills, and line the next postpones.
Wright, Duncombe, Lack, and Carpenter, and Wylde,
High-minded men, not one of them a child.
And Collinson, and Crossman, and Ducane,
Who by their worth this honour did attain.
And Harman, Belshaw, Rafter, Solly, Royle,
And Lindley, Owen, Lloyd, would nothing spoil.
And Brownlow, Tyler, Ibbetson, and Yapp,
With Redgrave, Clowes, and Spicer fill this gap.
Gibb, Ellis, Gordon, Pearce, and Fairman, stood
With Capper, Stopford, Houghton, and Braidwood.
And Gingell, Schwappe, and Gamble, Routh, and Rolls,
With other two this pleasing list controls ;
Plain Osmond Jones and Archibald are these,
A smoother line, and read with greater ease ;
All able, well-inform'd, hard-working men,
They one and all deserve a better pen.

And ready were they at the very day,
In Eighteen Fifty-one, the First of May,
Finance, police, and fire, food and space,
These men directed each and every case ;
By this alone we may their labours know,
Some fifteen thousand sent their goods for show.
In shawls, in mines, in metals, and in glass,
In leather, silks, and furs, what could surpass
The knowledge these men had ? and yet still more,
In woollen, cotton fabrics, endless store ;
In architecture, bricks, machines, and tiles ;
In surgeons' knives, and farmers' wooden stiles ;
Grates, locks, and carpets, men and women's clothes,
And ornaments to match, you may suppose ;
What furniture would suit each new design
In bed or drawing-room, or room to dine ;
What best accorded with the human taste
To feed mankind, and nothing run to waste ;
And in that staff of England's high renown,
Though not, as yet, a jewel of the crown,
But diamonds black, her burning coal, they call,
A never-failing source to save our fall.
And as to books, rare products of the mind,
How best they might such fleeting subjects bind.
The trade for years had put all sorts in boards,
Trash thus preserved had grown to countless hoards,

And some good things were thereby strangely hid,
As if their coming forth had been forbid.
On outsides, then, some authors took a hint :
Most grandmamas are fond of good large print,
And margins wide, and centres nicely strew'd
With common words, to be by friends review'd.
In silk and velvet, corners tipp'd with brass,
Such got-up things in solemn silence pass.
The sketcher's useful art has oft been tried,
And many awful gaps therewith supplied ;
Those men of toil, whose names will not decay,
Were glad indeed to find that their survey
Did not extend to syntax, verb, or noun,
Or inside work of cap, or band, or gown,
And that no thoughts or doubts they need express,
Beyond the darling's outer leather dress.
Let not this fact be for one moment lost,
That what was done was done by private cost ;
The public purse was never call'd in aid,
Our men, high minded, never felt afraid ;
The field left open, would not, could not, fail,
Nor would the same a cruel loss entail.
Though they were sure, yet many persons said,
Sharp, rusty nails and thorns will be their bed.
The public servants thus escaped much blame,
For hopeless cripples to their door oft came,

Some hurt, some strain'd, or on one feeble leg,
And for that once a trifle they must beg ;
And they had learn'd another thing as well,
Which now they thought a fitting time to tell :
That every month was pregnant with new schemes,
On which they might be call'd to furnish means,
And that they felt this duty cast on them,
To ward off harm from busy public men ;
On losses preach'd, which time they said would bring
On every soul concern'd in this loved thing.
Old age and stripling in the throngs unite
With their own eyes to view this glorious sight,
Since, those who had, been once, and often there,
Could what they saw, with nothing else compare.
A tribute this of credit hardly known
In any prior age by strangers shown.
Reserved for us—the Prince and England's fame,
And furthermore to grace Victoria's reign.
Impatient maidens shun their aunts' control,
On this crusade they enter, life and soul.
A double purpose theirs, with eyes so keen,
The first to see, and next to be well seen.
Young children too, with open mouths and eyes,
Heard parents, friends, and neighbours with surprise.
Relate the glories theretofore unknown,
In distant foreign lands, or near at home,

A little cherub's tiny voice was heard,
 Tell me, Mamma, have they not got a bird,
 Or pussy-cat, or puppy-dog, or fish ?
 May I have there the playthings that I wish ?
 Must I sit still whilst you and Papa walk,
 And will Miss Chisholm be allow'd to talk ?
 Ten churches might be put inside, they said,
 And clerks and parsons still have room for bed,
 And all their children, numbers not a few :
 But tell me, Ma, do you believe that 's true ?
 Well, then I 'm sure, the room is large indeed :
 But don't they quarrel ? are they all agreed ?
 You 'll take me, then, and show me this fine place ?—
 Yes, if you 're good, and wash your hands and face,
 You careless monkey ! parents sometimes say,
 And drive the girl or boy from them away.
 Now that word careless they may use no more,
 Since in the park they run up such a score.
 Of careless parents, children well may boast
 A very large, unseemly, thoughtless host.
 Gold rings and purses, yes, and money too,
 A good big measure full ; both old and new.
 Frills, brooches, bracelets, baskets, shawls, and keys ;
 Cloaks, garden-chairs, and cushions brought for ease ;
 Whips, feathers, telescopes, and gloves and fans,
 And parasols, and drinking-cups and cans ;

Perhaps a maid, perhaps a sluttish wife,
Grown hot and weary seeing so much life.
Loose thoughts begone, nor use a word unkind—
Her flannel petticoat she left behind !
Canes, coats, umbrellas, walking-sticks, and shoes ;
And bread and meat, tied up with paper news.
Combs, gowns, and handkerchiefs, and linen things,
Each day returning in abundance brings.
Nor was this all—let no such times return :
What will the future say, when they shall learn
Some women left their lovely babes behind,
For policemen and sweepers-out to find ?
Pens, penknives, toothpicks, watches, chains, and seals ;
And, now and then, a letter which reveals
That Mary must her visits there postpone,
A dark suspicion rising up at home.
And other letters, in that self-same line,
Bespeaking revels for a future time.
Choice pocket-books, with male and female names :
All those exposed did wait for owners' claims ;
And maps and catalogues, with other loss,
To make a saint for evermore be cross.
As legends say was done in olden times,
The pilgrims went to visit holy shrines,
So here—but mark the difference all will make,
This was no wicked fraud for money's sake—

Across the Park the thousands stream along,
A mix'd and well-dress'd, quiet, moving throng.
Old age and youth, the sexes well combined,
Intensely earnest this great show to find ;
And here and there came aged dame and sire,
From distant places, in their best attire.
The babe, the urchin, romping girl and boy,
With expectation high the scene enjoy :
Their little hands, their feet, and tongues, and eyes
In joyful movements tell of their surprise.
Young Miss and Master, stiff and rather prim—
They will not run, no fear of getting in.
And Jane and Joseph, now they're married, walk ;
Although they smile, yet theirs is solemn talk.
And when inside, amazement spreads the more,
Things fresh and new, and all unseen before,
In open paths, with no obstructions near ;
And when the best of all things did appear,
They lose their way, their numbers are so great—
To see, be seen, with seeing so elate ;
But in the hurry, bustle, and turmoil,
No hurt they get, or accident, or soil.
A lonely dame is drawing very near,
Her width is ample, and she knows no fear.
A milk-white bedgown over all is seen,
Her bonnet fitting close, her person clean,

Her face protruding, not unlike a man,
The best of painters, doing what he can ;
A tape or stay-lace tighten'd round her waist —
Our younger folks do not indulge this taste—
Her clothes not over long, her step was firm,
Her mind intent of this strange sight to learn :
Some five-and-sixty summers she had known,
A woman's wearing strength, we all must own ;
Good thick wide shoes, and sturdy stick in hand,
Her feet were used to grass and gravel land ;
Her labours bless'd, she reach'd the busy scene,
With her own eyes she saw, as did the Queen.
Amidst the throngs of young and old that came
Were feeble persons : some were blind, some lame.
Now for the lame, some friendly arm or crutch
Came forth in timely aid to help all such :
The poor blind father, by his daughter brought,
And for his use a music-stool she sought :
And then the instrument—you heard him play
Some lively, pleasant, merry tune and gay.
The feet, the tongues, the murmurs and the noise,
His healthy, keen perception most employs ;
And to his questions all she can explains ;
In what he wish'd to know, he took great pains.
She led him round, and now and then would stay
To make him understand this grand display :

The length, the height, the width of that great room ;
How ample space dispersed all sorts of gloom :
He knew no more of that rich, gorgeous sight,
The rest, was lost to him, for want of light.
A country curate, with his sisters, came ;
Plain, honest-looking folks, that knew no blame ;
But fresh arrivals, in a moment known,
Though in a crowd they seem'd as if alone.
So fair his looks, the man you must admire,
And all at once would wish his stipend higher ;
His neckcloth white, and suit of black quite new,
His presence spoke, and said this man is true ;
His parish distant, and himself away,
A month's sight-seeing made him rather gay.
From Sunday duty, long by him achieved,
He, for a time at least, was now relieved.
This leisure was to him indeed a prize,
He other preachers now, could criticize ;
Beside the knowledge earthly baubles brought,
Which he and others now so eager sought,
He knew for certain, on his safe return,
Some bowels left behind would greatly yearn
To know from him the use of all that stir,
And how far right. Did he or not demur ?
What seeds, or oils, or cakes, they ought to buy ?
Did butter sell, or must they mind the sty ?

What wheat, and what potatoes, were the best ?
How London epicures their dinners drest ?
Mild, unobtrusive, fifty pounds a year
Must answer these, and many things less clear.
Straight from the north a good example came,
A sober, steady, well-knit, manly frame ;
Intent on seeing this great southern prize,
He feasted well his eager, searching eyes.
Down on a seat, and near the great east door,
This man gave up, for he could see no more ;
A hearty, stout-built, working soul, and tall,
Exhausted, weary nature made him fall :
He lay along the bench where he sat down,
In disregard of her who wears the crown ;
Nor mind, nor eyes, could longer vigils keep,
His limbs all loose, his frame fell fast asleep.
The distant, poor, and hardy, thrifty race,
Whose means were small, made for themselves this case,
In these cheap days for riding far by rail—
They came on foot, that money might not fail ;
The reputation of this noble scene
So roused the minds of those who had not been.
But not the young, the elders past fourscore,
Whose working days had long been thought no more ;
Men bent with age, and leaning on a staff,
Whose gentle smile was all, whilst others laugh ;

And also women, in this toil engage,
To swell the wonders of this wondrous age ;
Their term of life, a sort of mystic thing,
But daughters fifty winters old they bring :
Thus ninety years have now almost become
A common age for country folks to run.
This island round, from all extremes and ends,
Of such-like viewers a vast number sends.
Prince Albert's glory, if on this alone,
As high in merit stands, as any throne.
Since Curiosity a mother had,
Her daughters ever since have made us glad ;
How can we now from pleasing them refrain,
Since by their means all sorts of pleasure came ?
The crowded glass-house show'd beyond a doubt,
That female zeal was not as yet worn out ;
That grandmamas had duly handed down
That best of means by which to aid the Crown.
Our wives at every season choose to bring,
In winter, summer, autumn, and the spring,
Grief-telling faces, with a vast parade,
No teeth indeed, but tongues already made.
Good wives in shoals, with each a charge in hand,
Undaunted came where this glass-house did stand,
To show the babe, they could not well pretend
But this, that nature's feelings never end :

For though they wish'd to gratify their eyes
With what they heard, all ranks felt great surprise.
Could they forget their breasts of running milk,
Or be absorb'd with diamonds, swords, or silk ?
The sculptor's art, if true, would bring a sigh,
Some thrilling thought, the babe in want might die.
How came they all, as if with one consent,
Though no such warning to their houses went,
Each one her burthen in her arms to bring ?
'T was not themselves, but nature did the thing.
Some rights exclusive riches always claim ;
Men will not think alike or be the same.
In wood or iron he who works his way,
The baker's nimble thoughts would disobey.
The skilful surgeon, on his art intent,
To frame or build a ship is never sent.
A man untaught can neither bake nor brew ;
Would this small number take one only view ?
Let just gradations always have respect,
We shall not then each other's rights neglect.
Twelve pence the poet gave to see the sight,
When common folks like him had got that right.
But on that Sabbath which the Jews still own,
The pass, five shillings for each one alone,
Grand Dukes, and Marquesses, and Viscounts then,
With Earls, and Lords, and lower richer men,

Had to themselves that one exclusive day,
Unless you chose the larger fee to pay.
The Ladies, well, they took their own good time,
To go or stay, or when they pleased decline.
If sweethearts ever found a place where they,
For their own cunning, useful ends, might stay
And be in peace, and for awhile alone,
'T was on the south, where garden-seeds were shown.
That hour next before the doors are closed
Were lasses most with awful questions posed ;
Youths' good intentions, like the storms in May,
As quickly came, and just as long would stay :
If Henrietta, darling, would but yield,
Would he not be to her an endless shield ?
How could she doubt, his father soon must die,
His word of honour pledged, how could he lie ?
The wedding first, dear George, as mother said !
Then tossing back her roguish eyes and head,
What day will you now fix to meet again ?
Your honour pledged, our views are both the same :
Such solemn vows as these, you must well know,
Not riches, time, or death can overthrow.
On that same floor, but in another place,
There stood a somewhat unattractive face ;
Short, sharp, and keen, and rather loud the talk,
And but a little way, they chose to walk.

No ! I care not a fig ; go where you like !
Then good-by, Moll ; my colours will not strike.
Some blessed angels now and then you meet,
Who came, they said, to have a shilling treat.
Bright ribbons pink, some half a yard too long ;
Not seventeen, her winning ways full strong :
Gay as the lark, and like one on the wing,
And ready then and there to dance or sing.
Vauxhall to-night, Cremorne, or Beulah Spa ;
For I 'm not frighten'd at domestic war,
And though my mother watches as a cat,
I shan't give in one bit the more for that.
This long Bazaar I found a precious bore,
So now I 'm off to see for something more.
Poor William Watkins' pensive steps bespoke
That his Eliza boggled at the yoke.
She would not yield, no, not the smallest ace,
A quaker firm, must be a special case ;
And when she spoke, in her nice easy form,
As honey soft, but sharp as any thorn :
Thy courage fails thee, William, here to-day ;
Need Susan wait, or shall I go away ?
Yon stain'd-glass windows on the other side,
Dost thou not see them, tempting thee to pride ?
Since father says thy business is not great,
Thee must forgive me, William, if I state

Housekeeper's cares are now a heavy charge—
Thee will be glad to be again at large ;
And when thou comest to town, I hope thee 'll call ;
Some trifles, as thou know'st, are very small.
Our parents don't refuse to let us meet,
Thee 'll find a plate and chair to sit and eat.
The licensed William Watkins turn'd away
At her new joke, the parents' leave to stay.
One word, Eliza ; thee has done no harm,
Since now I find that money would thee charm.
Folks sometimes, evils, very early see
In what was not intended so to be.
Some worthy doctors, on a cram-full day,
Their patients left, and came to this display.
By Jove ! said one, are not our fortunes made ?
This room, is in the scarlet-fever trade.
In their profession, as was said of yore,
When twenty meet, their doubts exceed a score.
I smell a typhus ! handing round a box ;
Do take some snuff ; is that or not small-pox ?
His grave is, must, be near : I do declare
That husky cough is nought but this foul air.
What ! toothache, Miss ? You 're like enough to die,
From this infernal place I 'd have you fly ;
And tell your friends, as soon as you get home,
To leave at once for Germany or Rome.

I bet a crown half London will not live ;
No more Insurance tickets will I give.

The youngster's smiles, gave great offence to those
In buckles, shorts, silk stockings, and black clothes.

Another tribe, whose fame is quite as great ;

Beside, they rise to offices of state ;

They wonder'd much how this great feat could end,
And no one single quarrel to attend.

They clearly saw, some twenty different ways,
How in their hands a straw would make a blaze.

Such wealth, such risks, so many miles to go,
And not a crumb, amongst them all to throw ;

To come as fairies, and like them to fly,

And money get whilst they were standing by.

Here men for nothing gave their skill away,
For months attend without a shilling pay.

A splendid kingdom pretty soon must go,
And some professions, melt away like snow.

The sight, ah yes ! but money would procure
As good a sight as this, they feel quite sure.

When quiet, useful, lawful schemes succeed,
Thus discontented minds are heard to plead.

At last appear'd this gleam of fair sunshine :
It must come down within the contract time,

If public faith and common law combined
Can now in England any succour find.

One consolation ran throughout the scheme,
No lawyer patron in the list was seen.
If men are only children, rather tall,
Man-child we say, of infants very small.
And miss, and sir, and madam now appear,
With subtle, playful tongues, sometimes severe:
The children, pleased, had many things to say,
In this large room they wish'd to skip and play.
A solemn boy, a firm and steady hand,
With early foresight blest, must make a stand :
Our monitor has put down all our names.
Who cares for monitors ! said little James ;
My mother says she likes the pearls and rings,
I wonder where they hide the children's things ?
Have you been up the stairs to see the shops,
Just like a puppet-show that never stops ?
Plum-cakes for us, and buns, and freezing ice ;
So come along, and don't be so precise.
This sight is new, no sight like this before ;
What crowds there are, yet coming to the door !
Fine figured muslins, lace, and shawls, I think.
Do come ; I cannot wait—I want some drink.
Well, dear, what would you like to carry home ?
Why, that Greek slave ; but mamma says it's stone.
Now, Robert, mind ; for, if you don't behave,
Your wrists shall have a chain, like that Greek slave.

Now, Ma, I 'm tired ; take me in your lap.
Yes, if you 're good ; let Richard hold his cap.
All round the gallery, from end to end,
Though nearly full, the people, yet do send.
I have not seen one half the things, I 'm sure.
You need not fret, a Catalogue procure.
Then I shall want, I know, to come again ;
And your excuse will then be much the same.
Jemima ! miss, how can you be so rude ?
Me !—I was still ; did he not first intrude ?
Who are the men put up in those stone chairs ?
Two brothers, lawyers. Then they 're not Lord Mayors !
Are British lions that hold up the crown
Big as these lions ? could we get them down ?
Oh no, much less ; our lions love fair play,
And will have others free, as well as they.
And size is nothing to our generous beast ;
He succours all—the high, the low, and least.
Why don't they cut out pictures in the stone,
And not one man or woman all alone ?
What makes the clocks, brought here, to disagree ?
Which would you buy, now you their difference see ?
Are richly painted plates for show or use ?
May they be thrown about the kitchen loose ?
Now, Billy, see how naughty you can be.
I want the whole brought home for me to see.

Are crowds like this on every day the same ?

I am so very glad our Martha came.

Hark ! bells are ringing, we must all go home ;

Call Charles and Caleb ; let that string alone.

Such was the process each succeeding day,

When disgorged thousands left to go away.

In calm delight they pass the outer door,

Exhausted nature cared to see no more.

Then forward came the dark and gloomy night,

To seize the whole when hid from human sight ;

And silence reign'd in every nook around,

Not one soft whisper lent the smallest sound.

The fountains still, the statues standing firm,

The scatter'd lamps in glass inclosures burn.

The seconds tick their never-ending sign,

To tell the progress of departing time.

Robes, swords, and sceptres are no more supreme ;

Ambition sleeps, or stalks abroad unseen.

The loaded shelves their weighty treasures own,

But now unheeded neither sigh nor groan.

Yet is there found, within this ample space,

A noisy claimant, of an ancient race,

Who would not cease his loud incessant claim

To be alone in this great hall of fame.

A rude, unthinking cricket found his way

Amidst these splendours, and resolved to stay ;

And though the busy, running, bustling throng
Refused to hear his oft-repeated song,
When silence reign'd he got the upper hand,
Nor time or space his vigour could withstand.
The friendly moon, and her bright shining ray,
Brought back the semblance of departed day ;
Her silver beams, with their attending shade,
The centre, sides, and stairs at once invade,
And converse hold with everything they find ;
A passing glance, a whisper of the mind,
So calm, so soft, so gentle, so complete,
No film of thought could interpose defeat ;
No feathers ruffled, nor a dust disturb'd,
And listening Silence could not hear a word.
Time, onward flowing, bids the night depart :
The night, reluctant, makes a feeble start ;
The sun assists, and night, more feeble grown,
Then steals away to his dark, dismal home.
These splendid scenes, then brought again to view,
Fresh crowds advance, still finding something new.
So well arranged was all they had to see,
Despite their labours things unseen would be.
The throngs all day, in busy groups employ'd,
Themselves and friends in various ways enjoy'd
Until the sun was sinking in the west,
And weary daylight wanted common rest.

The night refresh'd, then coming slowly back,
With his broad vestment dyed in deepest black ;
And though untouched gently shrouds the whole,
And for a time retains complete control.

Days, weeks, and months, forgetting other toil,
Strange thousands brought to happy England's soil,
To see and hear, and this great lesson learn
How man might help his fellow man in turn.

No measured tread, or soldier's fierce alarms,
Or roaring cannons, hostile drums or arms ;
No harsh commands, or phalanx thousands strong,
Did once appear, for none intended wrong.

To distant ages let these facts be known,
That thousands every morning left their home,
To see this all-absorbing glorious sight,
And by themselves in peace came back at night.

The painter's art the building brought to view,
In combined colours smooth, and just, and true.
The roving eye to search out faults inclined,
Gave way to this as pleasing to the mind.

The height, the width, the length had equal tone,
And all throughout in harmony was shown.

The end approaching, something new was found,
One hundred thousand persons fill'd the ground.
On two successive days this mighty host,
With one accord, came to this chosen post.

This vast assembly crowded to the scene,
As if the sight a parish church had been.
No noise or tumult, but with one intent,
Each for himself with a pure purpose went,
And by this act great politicians found,
When numbers meet on any neutral ground,
There is no fear, nor any cause for dread,
That quarrels must ensue, or blood be shed.
As all things else, so this did see an end,
Some fifty thousand persons did attend ;
And as the day drew on towards its close,
In many thoughtful minds regrets arose.
In every age there lives this stern decree,
Those piercing brilliant eyes no more shall see.—
The last of man, when death has got firm hold,—
Mind absent, body stiff, and limbs grown cold ;
The sinking ship the storm intends to hide ;
The weeping spinster, when she 's made a bride ;
The sun descending on a day of joy ;
The finish'd book which did the mind employ ;
The foredoom'd hero, leaving his own land,
Against his country's foe to make a stand ;
The house in flames, where Rubens' treasures lay ;
The splendid temple in the last decay.
In strength resistless these bear down the mind,
And no relief on earth can mortals find.

No effort now but what will be too late,
None can recall the swift-wing'd shaft of fate ;
These all foreshadow that same final doom,
The pulling down this handsome noble room,
The scatter'd trophies of these brilliant days,
In lonely parcels travell'd different ways.
Mere repetitions of that one event,
As to their sep'rate homes these splendours went.
Fierce desolation, with her iron hand,
No vestige left nor any single stand.
Destruction seized the useful shelves and rails,
No word or sigh against this waste avails.
An open space, or wilderness is seen,
Where order, wealth, and treasure reign'd supreme ;
When thoughtless man for favour trusts the king,
His frown becomes a hard, depressing thing ;
He seems to lose what no man ever had,
A never-ending source to make him glad ;
In moderation lives the spring of joy,
For endless bliss on earth no thoughts employ !
Of this great room some measures were made known,
Whereby the size in one respect was shown.
To make a test, the standard should be plain ;
The want of this is oft a source of pain.
Three barleycorns an inch will make by rule ;
Twelve inches make a foot, say boys at school.

One hundred thousand feet count sevenfold,
Three score ten hundred thousand more be told,
Two thousand, then, seven hundred eighty-four,
And in square feet you have this ample floor.
Amidst the cares and troubles once foreseen,
How could this room from dirt and dust be clean ?
Some said a thousand housemaids, some said more,
Must now be had, each day, to sweep the floor.
To this extent a remedy was found,
The boarded floor was not upon the ground.
Upheld by solid beams of ample strength,
Placed on the earth throughout the breadth and length.
As side by side the flooring planks were laid,
A space was left between, an opening made,
To let the dust and gravel dirt fall through,
Away beneath, and pass from public view.
Some sweeping yet was thought a proper thing ;
When, lo, the ladies each a broom did bring :
Long flowing robes below their ankles came,
And left behind a somewhat useless train.
The cotton, silk, and satin gowns they wore,
Dragg'd on the ground, and so they swept the floor.
There yet remain'd a point, as all confess'd,
Which could by statesmen only be redress'd.
On foreign goods were heavy taxes laid,
And stubborn laws were pass'd to have them paid.

Yet must these foreign goods be freely shown,
And for a time this place must be their home,
And freely here on this occasion come,
Or else the scheme would be at once undone.
The nicest textures, delicate and fine,
Amidst uncertain splendours sent to shine,
In basket, box, and package, done up neat,
The rough exciseman's hands would soon defeat,
If left for them to view and toss about,
And as they pleased turn packets inside out.
Some risk, the state must now consent to run,
None would the loss predict of any sum.
The project good, and with a fair intent,
Straightforward honest views by all were meant,
On grand debate a scheme was form'd at last
By which all sorts might still be holden fast,
And no offence, if they meant well, would take,
And so the room a custom-house they make,
And plant a staff of cunning searchers round
To put the tax on every scrap they found,
With nought to pay, until the goods were sold ;
And so the customer the price was told.
This trouble gone, some others quickly came,
But active zeal would let them not remain.
No lawyer brought a form of deed or will,
For love of justice, or to show his skill,

Or let men know the rule in Shelley's Case.
Or what amount of words would wills deface,
Or why the heir has so much favour shown,
And let to claim the land, as all his own,
Or by what means a letter more or less
Would common sense and common rights transgress,
Or how a nonsuit comes in aid of truth,
Or whether law is past the age of youth ;
Nor did they any one suggest a scheme,
By which our rights might be the better seen,
Or plainly show in this enlighten'd time
That law and reason always did combine.
The public frantic with the law's delay,
Now seek to help themselves another way;
They will not have the learned grave fifteen
To be in law the only ones supreme,
But choose a hundred somewhat less or more,
That all may justice have at his own door.
Herein this exhibition then did fail,
Against the lawyers did not aught avail ;
Their pent-up secrets they would not reveal,
Nor yet explain what 's meant by sign and seal.
Some sailors came, and all of woman born,
With wonders charm'd, in every shape and form.
Deep read in doubts, how people on the land
In raging storms, upon their feet could stand ;

They look'd about, and walk'd a little way,
As if they meant to make no lengthen'd stay.
Jack said he thought if she was set to swim,
He 'd be one out, and let who would be in.
Why to be sure, with these glass windows round,
If not top heavy, she 'd soon feel the ground.
All these to feed, where could we stow the grub ?
There, Tom, you 're right, and master that 's a rub.
Where was she built? a cunning craft they say,
To pick up money in this kind of way.
Not safe a bit, she 's got no wooden walls,
So let 's be off, for fear of sudden squalls.
And as they went, a crowd like that they said
Would turn the brains, in their poor captain's head.
Two gossips stood in contest very keen,
With list'ners many, of both sexes seen,
The clubs denounced, as things that should not be,
Where skulking husbands made themselves quite free ;
Might not the laws intrude to check this wrong,
Uphold the weak, and crush the over-strong ?
A man replied, all eyes on him were turn'd,
Each side herein for early triumph burn'd.
Tell me, said he, where sympathy is found,
Is wife, or child, or friend, herein unbound,
What mean these clubs, we see in every street,
Where men alone in hundreds daily meet,

And wives, and daughters, never once appear,
Their wayward, wilful, tongues, beget the fear ?
At home they rage, they domineer, and sigh,
And no sane club, dare let them once come nigh.
Our homes are not, in any sense, sweet home,
With discord fill'd, they are but bricks and stone.
No fellow feeling, nought of human breast,
Fierce opposition, day and night no rest ;
If doors, or windows, one might chance to say,
Be shut, or open, both or either way.
Your answer is, we that request deny,
Some talk of death ensues, if you comply.
Now in one word, few men would ever grieve
For quiet homes, most men the clubs would leave.
If you their pleasures let, but suit your taste,
Not words, but deeds, mere words of course are waste.
Since now the plain and honest truth you 're told,
Be warn'd in time, nor sympathy withhold.
At this the spinsters, wives, and widows too,
With fury burn'd, and look'd the speaker through ;
Their tongues got loose, said one above the rest,
In scornful tone and fitting female zest,
All very fine, as you yourself must know,
We wonder much, you let us see the show.
Philosophers, by time and wisdom train'd,
In sauntering groups came hither unrestrain'd ;

A pleasure trip, if of such men we may
Suppose they pleasure take by night or day.
Said one, A rogue, will by his face declare
How those that trust him in his bounty share ;
And no mistake, as many suff'fers see,
His foul offensive soul is never free.
The rough coarse vulgar frightful noisy tone
Is warning, such as this, let me alone.
The small repulsive niggling nose we find
An index true of his contracted mind ;
So trust him not, he 'll cheat you if he can ;
No one will dare to call him honest man.
So are the eyes an index of the soul ;
The squinting eye is past plain truth's control.
He credit gains by good deeds, once or twice,
The cheat appears if you but trust him thrice.
Are you so sure, these signs the truth discern ?
May we now say, mankind have nought to learn ?
That matter spreads, we meet some other day,
On either side, much yet remains to say.
This fine conception of the Prince, we 're told,
Will last his life, so striking, new, and bold.
For novel schemes are hazards truly great,
Ten thousand fall, crush'd by decrees of fate.
Stay ! is not that the heathens' mode of speech ?
Be careful, else the laws our tongues may reach.

Talk not of fate, for that may troubles bring,
Some blockheads solemn, neither laugh nor sing ;
But all things done, or seen, on earth below,
And up on high, as well, pretend to know.
We now disperse, these heavy thoughts are new,
And in our brains, may well be let to brew.
Amongst the things, some hundreds, lost and found,
A letter fell, long lying on the ground,
Outside was writ, policeman sixty-two,
Tom Bowling's tale when he did Master Pugh,
And got five pounds, and came again for more,
But then was caught, ere he could leave the door.
Your kindness I invoke, I hope I may,
The urgent pressure of distress to stay,
Within a month ; I know I was to blame,
Heart-rending proof, now lives, of my past shame.
But on your bounty I myself must throw,
And let you plainly all my troubles know.
The princely merchant that did me beguile
By solemn promise and a winning smile,
Then cast me off, in this wide world to find
Some bleeding heart to human frailties kind ;
Doubt not the truth of this my mournful tale,
A morning call, for both, would most avail.
On me, to show, the proofs of what I say,
And you, your Christian duty, to obey.

For oft I 've heard our holy men declare
We nothing have but what we ought to share
With those in want and those in deep distress ;
We spurn the thought to make their fortune less.
And those who give are destined still to win ;
Tenfold they gain, and hide a load of sin.
If orphans' tears were ever shed in vain,
For fraud design'd, not indicating pain.
No fraud is here, or cloak for wicked wrong,
Deserted mothers' cases must be strong ;
Though my distress is plain, as you must see,
Yet let me not, on you, oppressive be.
The landlord means, this very night to seize
My bits of things : am I not ill at ease ?
Before you call, you must not think me bold,
The truth had better, once for all, be told.
If 't is your pleasure, have a trifle sent
To put me right in this affair of rent.
I then shall have a clean and tidy place,
Such words excuse, in this my forced disgrace,
For I was once, I fear not now to tell,
Alas for me, how blighted since I fell.
But why recall what 's past all men's control,
Or weary out, your kind and gen'rous soul ?
Have you a sister whom you wish'd to see,
In married life, and health, and wealth, and free ?

My father's mansion once, had such a case,
And my dear parents trusted to my face.
A warning this; when will such warnings be
A wholesome check to silly girls like me?
Enlarge, I must not, on this case of mine,
I know full well the value of your time.
My babe has wants, some little wants you know,
Unwilling mother's pride forbears to show.
To my address, at sixteen Peter-street,
A trifle send, I beg, before we meet.
Past condescensions on your part I own,
The thanks accept of one who dwells alone.
May He who feeds the ravens when they cry
Your stores and basket fill before you die.
And any letters you may please convey,
The postage some in thoughtless mood don't pay.
In my distress do for me what you can,
A saint, though sinner once, Jane Prettyman.
Postscript, the man who brings this note from me
Will wait outside, pray call him in and see
If these my woes are charged one whit too high,
Then let me perish in my cot and die.
Amongst the visitors who came to view,
In this great Show, things old, and strange, and new,
A picklock came, of firm and stubborn hand,
His challenge was, No safety lock can stand!

This roused attention of no common sort,
A host of locksmiths their best fast'ners brought ;
And not a few with expectation came,
To rise with honour, none to fall with shame ;
And some were bold, and offer'd then and there
To pay down cash if any one would dare
Proclaim their locks to thieves an easy prey,
No matter when or where, by night or day :
Take any time, try any sort of tool,
Contrived by knave, or in a locksmith's school ;
Two hundred pounds ! let who will try his hand,
We to this bargain pledge ourselves to stand :
But fairly use the skill that you employ,
And not the lock in anywise destroy.
The highest fame did one and all agree
Had been well earn'd by makers B. and C.,
Inspection had, and proper judges named,
That friends or strangers might not once be blamed.
A day was fix'd, none can that day recall,
Both B. and C. from their proud heights did fall.
Farewell, dear Hobbs, we wish you every joy,
When next you come, you 'll not these folks annoy.
One fell, alas, to rise again no more,
That fatal spot was near the southern door.
Some said with horror, some with deep surprise,
His heart was full, which closed his glutted eyes.

As on the ground, in death's firm hand he lay,
The passers-by had each a word to say.
In silence rests that once most active tongue,
Those prostrate limbs and muscles all unstrung ;
Those hands, those feet, and eyelids closed betray,
He will no more distinguish night from day,
An atom dull, that knew not whence it came,
An atom now, or something much the same ;
Whose wisdom once was thought a goodly store,
See now that carcase that will breathe no more ;
Had he but known how soon his days would end,
How slight the fence that does plain truth defend,
Would he have left so many things undone,
A crown of glory for the race to come.
He who was late his mother's darling child,
She pleasure felt when first on her he smiled.
How soon, how swift, for ever past away,
Before us now a mass of helpless clay,
Whose end is dust, no matter what his fame,
He to the earth returns from whence he came !
A silent ruin, past all human aid,
Nor words or deeds can rescue or degrade.
Clods undistinguish'd of the earth are we,
Had he no glimpse of what he soon must be ?
Was he a prince ? did he forbearance show ?
And round each honest man protection throw ?

Or, like some little fierce, revengeful thing,
Content to die if dying he might sting.
Had he within his breast that balance true
Which gives to every man his rightful due?
Did he discern, and when discerning act
On what was right, because the naked fact?
Was he a judge? did he with care attend,
And to the suitors willing patience lend?
Did he find time their rights to understand,
Or, by delays, keep long their case in hand,
Or parties vex with words in their dispute
In idle useless forms, that bear no fruit?
Had he the sense to curb his own sweet tongue,
Or did he, past all reason, let it run
In firm resolve himself alone should prate
Whilst anxious suitors trembled for their fate?
And out of season talking things unfit,
On jokes intent, and unbecoming wit,
And interrupting all who wish'd to speak,
Thus making justice seem an idle freak?
Nice involutions winding round and round,
As cotton twist on wooden reels is found,
His mind confused, he dare no opening make,
Lest other lights should find a clear mistake.
Abusing speech, by seeming to bestow
Excessive praise where no such praise should go.

And when repulsed, then putting forth his chair,
Whilst here I sit, for public time I care.
Let no excess of words, now hear me pray,
Prolong the toils of this dull weary day.
Hush man, your tongue, some one might say, should rest,
And hear the suitors out, that's far the best.
Was he a priest? then ask him what he meant
When through the land he deep-toned curses sent.
If he was right, then how shall we provide
For our benighted selves a future guide,
Since he condemn'd his brethren all around,
In solemn form declared, their words unsound?
What shall we do, now this our daring priest
Has left us thus to deadly foes a feast?
Why will such men, in triple darkness dwell,
Not talk of love, but evermore of hell?
Is truth a diamond, bright, and clear, and pure,
It must prevail, of that we may be sure.
But wretched dogmas want uncommon aid
To be upheld, as crazy goods, in trade.
Truth wants no art, or vehemence of speech,
In quiet tones deliver what you teach.
Can bars, or bolts, or prisons, hope, or fear,
Make sun, or moon, or stars, far off, or near?
Can truth be less, or suffer in degree,
If all the world stark naked truth should see?

Twice two make four. Suppose men were to say,
Twice two make five, would truth thenceforth decay?
Give nonsense, then, a good long day of rest,
And lingering time will show the world what's best.
Ten thousand pounds a year to tell the truth,
Is wrong indeed—an oversight of youth.
Was he a poet?—then he might be spared,
Since he for future honours only cared.
The jealous age in which he chanced to live,
Repose and silence to his name did give.
Was he a miser?—then he's with his god,
And quickly lay him deep beneath the sod;
For, should his soul infect the circling air,
'Twill commerce blight, and swell each earthly care.
What was his age—had he outstay'd his time?—
We all like him, must on the earth recline.
He came to see, and having seen the whole,
He fell contented, death released his soul.
Of beggars, very few indeed came there,
In England's ample, boundless wealth to share.
Yet, are they not the greatest linguists known?
Each city, town, and village for their home,
No language yet but beggars read and spell,
And of their wants in moaning accents tell.
And as to living, no one fault have they
To find with fortune: where they choose to stay,

Her willing favours falling on their side,
To check the frowns and insolence of pride.
The tongues with them is, Give me of your pence ;
I moving am, and soon shall pass from hence.
Is this or not a sturdy beggar's son ?
Let's ask him when, and from what place he's come.
My name's Carew, the famous Bamfylde's boy ;
To beg my bread I day and night employ.
In Wales ? oh yes, in every town I've been,
But no such sight as this was ever seen,
Nor yet in England ever known before ;
We have of records got a goodly store.
Have you a shilling ? Might I see the show ?
No loss to you, as by your looks I know.
Oh, married ? yes, we do not live alone,
Our hearts are flesh, we have no hearts of stone.
Your pity show, and what you have employ,
And some small pleasures let me now enjoy ;
For what you have is not your own to spend,
But for a common use, to give or lend,
And those who get a large, unrighteous share,
Retain therewith a world of anxious care.
I ask for pity, which I know you'll give,
But she with beggars all her life did live ;
And when she left, with richer folks to stay,
She soon found out they'd take her life away.

With pity, then, your love and pence bestow,
As through this world they hand in hand may go.
The sons of Jonathan in numbers came,
Drawn hither, like the rest, by Albert's fame.
They love to boast, and show their parent's age;
These youngsters oft in wondrous works engage.
Our risings top you,—are they not on high?
The truth of what we say can you deny?
See yonder eagle, how he spreads his wings,
At one grand swoop he's off with all these things.
We guess our notions made you look about,
And turn your cunning fairly inside out,
And by our presence,—is this true or not?—
You were compell'd to show the best you'd got.
Are we as yet in anything outdone?
We guess, our medals, will be number one.
Suppose our items were not over smart,
Have we not, as a nation, done our part?
Our turn is next, and then you'll lose the shine
Though now of us you've had the start in time.
Just give us only what you have on loan:
To work we go, as soon as we get home.
There's nothing here but we could do as well,
Except that trifle, which you heard him tell.
Is this your countryman that's standing here?
We live together, when at home, quite near;

That let him say, what he once said before,
They would not trust us. But I said no more.
Were not the soldiers there, in columns strong,
In double ranks, and sideways all along,
To check the crowds and keep the people back,
Lest tumult came, and thieves the place should sack ?
A sergeants' guard, some twenty men or so,
At one gate stood, for ornament and show ;
At night return'd, and in their barracks stay'd ;
To sleep they went, of no one thing afraid.
No swords were drawn, and but one drum and fife
Were all the guards for this great mass of life ;
A few beside,—let words of wonder cease,—
Those few were none but every-day police.
One act of firmness did, perchance, much more
Than many sermons on that text before.
A man of rank would pass the boundary set ;
Though warn'd, he sinn'd without the least regret,—
A soldier, too, and one that could not plead
His want of thought, or any sort of need ;
But held in hand, he to the justice came,
And then on others threw all sorts of blame,
But for himself had little else to say,—
He wish'd to ride, on that forbidden way.
That road was stopp'd, as you, I'm sure, did know,
For each one's safety at the coming show.

So I suppose, but did not know the time.
I meant, I know, to cross that very line :
The passage forced, I moved along that way,
And here I am ; now tell me what's to pay ?
My sentence is, that for ten days you be
In prison kept, and then be let go free !
To jail, oh no ! For I have here a note
The fine to pay, and keep myself afloat.
Will not some money for this fault suffice ?
Why harsh with me, and why so over nice ?
This grievous fault no money will restrain ;
Your conduct here makes that to me quite plain.
From your example mischiefs will ensue :
The poor man's fate is waiting now for you !
His firm decree the Justice would not stay,
And prison rules the culprit did obey.
The Sabbath came, that day ordain'd of old
For pious rest, in Holy Scriptures told—
That blessed boon of providential care
Which man, with man, and beasts of burden, share ;
Would this great day be rudely thrust aside,
To flatter some, and pamper wanton pride—
Bold freedom show from wholesome checks divine,
And no respect be had to future time ?
But no, not once, with pride may England say,
Did we neglect to keep this holy day ;

And saved with honour this our native land,
By holding hard each desecrating hand.
A firm decree was at the first well made,
And then throughout with righteous faith obey'd.
No gate unbarr'd, the doors and windows closed,
In solemn silence all things, hid, reposed.
Our foreign friends with no small wonder saw
Our deep respect for this important law.
Perchance, our credit never rose so high
As when herein we did this world defy.
The zeal, the glory, and the wonders shown,
That thousands saw and foreign nations own,
Artistic skill on paper now displays,
In parts, in sections, and in different ways,—
Some plain, some colour'd in the brightest hue,
If nothing else, in outline somewhat true,—
All that the future ever now can know
Of this exceeding famous, glorious show.
A furnish'd room defies the painter's skill,
Though light, and shade, and canvass own his will !
How sad, how grievous for mankind, alas !
That there should be amongst us such a class,
In prison close, debarr'd of air and light,
Some hundreds kept, who never saw this sight ;
Their ears content with each recited tale,
Their longing eyes in gushing tears bewail,

And bid again the friendly tongue repeat
The names of those, who every day did meet :
What wives, what children, and what friends were there,
At whose expense, and underneath whose care ;
And what they all, and each, did most esteem,
In this absorbing, rich, and glorious scene,—
The prison door, in unrelenting sway,
Refusing every call, to move away ;
And when at last the opening day arrived,
And he came forth who that event survived,
His first great joy to find himself at large,
Which in a little while, time did discharge,
His beaming eyes, his heavy heart weigh'd down,
In pacing through the streets of London town,
He then on paper saw that rich design,
Which did in glory, other sights outshine,
To which the world their contributions sent,
To swell the triumphs of that great event :
These very emblems made that prisoner sigh,
To view those scenes, for evermore gone by !
Now Merit finds a little moment free,
To get men's thanks for what she let them see.
Some four-and-thirty juries had the task
To search out Merit, and her face unmask.
Her dwelling place is often near the ground,
And very seldom with the wealthy found ;

Their riches are to them a seeming foil,
To ward off care, and ease unceasing toil.
For English justice foreign artists wait,
And with our juries lodge their fame and fate ;
Since each had brought his utmost skill to view,
They fairly look'd for verdicts just and true.
And this became a plain and easy thing,
Since right decisions lasting honours bring.
Of every age, and country, men were found
Upon these juries, stedfast as the ground.
Of tongues discordant, but in judgment firm,
And all were willing at their hands to learn ;
Throughout the thousands, each had done his best,
Yet were there some to stand before the rest.
Of all the duties man on man impose,
Can ought exceed the anxious care of those
Whom they depute to hold the scale of right,
No favour show, nor judge alone by sight;
To search out excellence, and then apply
A just reward and factions foul defy ?
Our sense of justice and of right and wrong,
Is, as our tidal river, bold and strong.
Three thousand persons by these means made known,
Had each a medal for the skill they'd shown ;
Without example this great work had been,
And for success the like was never seen.

Some three, if not four hundred thousand pounds,
By volunteers paid up, the mind confounds :
In five short months, by thousands every day,
Each one contented, onward went his way.
No former enterprise was known like this,
So well conceived, with such attendant bliss,
And no excess, or faults, or troubles came,
No public work before so free from blame.
The crowning joys which perseverance learn'd,
Were by the Prince and his companions earn'd.
A debt of gratitude was thus incur'd,
Which neither might nor could be long deferr'd ;
A free response of hearts well overjoy'd,
To close the scenes in which they'd been employ'd,
The fitting end was therefore one of prayer,
In grateful thanks for providential care.
To Him, who governs earth, and seas, and skies,
Their hymns of praise, and gratitude arise.
When prince and people had together come,
In solemn form this service was begun :
We here again this day before Thee stand,
Upheld by Thy supreme, sustaining hand ;
Without whose aid our toil had been in vain ;
Thanks, honour, praise, and glory, to Thy name.
Each opening day, and each recurring morn,
Thou didst control the restless winds and storm ;

Nor let the sunbeams' burning heat destroy,
Or brought a gloom upon the Nation's joy.
The reckless hail thou didst for us restrain ;
No crushing snows throughout the winter came ;
In happy concord, by Thy guiding power,
Thou didst for good employ each passing hour.
Kings, queens, and nobles, with the people own,
Thou their protector art, and Thou alone.
In darkest nights, when weary slumbers shed
Their fleeting shadows on the pleasing bed,
In silence hush'd, enjoying needful rest,
Thine ever-watchful eyes saw what was best :
Our labours, wealth, and pleasures, all then lay,
To wicked, wilful men an easy prey ;
But as Thy goodness did on us attend,
We see this day a righteous, peaceful end.
Thou didst in mercy lead each foreign mind
To be to us and to each other kind ;
Nor didst Thou suffer envy to arise,
Or let disputes or malice blind the eyes ;
But as in Nature, so amidst the throng,
In placid changes all things moved along.
In sending hither works of high renown,
Thou didst with glory all our efforts crown,
And gave us strength with others to compare,
And of rewards a full and ample share.

When we look back before this work began,
And thought alone upon the help of man,
Thy favour came in that desponding hour,
And rising hopes brought on increasing power ;
Contending factions by Thy mighty arm,
Their ranks forsook to join this peaceful charm :
A pleasing tribute to the Christian sway,
In this our own enlighten'd age and day.
Foul mischief hid, in some far-off recess,
Thou didst our isle with peace and plenty bless,
And ready, willing minds in numbers sent,
To crown with joy this noble, great event ;
Of Thine approving presence gave this sign,
Thou didst the world to love and peace incline.
May these impressions ever more abide,
To check presumptions and control our pride,
And let the favours of Thy bounteous hand,
Continue long to bless our native land.
Now measured anthems swell the solemn sound,
In bold and cheerful accents running round ;
A chorus form'd, they hallelujahs sing,
The dying sounds attendant echoes bring ;
Glad voices then with echoes interchange,
In hallelujah's endless, boundless range ;
The music's urgent, clear, incessant strain,
Resounding hallelujah brings again.

This duty pass'd, another yet remain'd,
By which old England always something gain'd ;
Our sovereigns, held by us in high esteem,
A public anthem in their names had been
A well-known ending ere men would disperse :
This day this tribute they again rehearse.
Hats off, upstanding, let the words be clear,
With hearty right good-will the sovereign cheer :
To give the note a leading voice is found,
And music is, however rough the sound :
In sweet domestic joys her days be spent,
Herself, her children, and her consort free,
Without the stain of public discontent,
And no reverse for years or ages see.
Around her person and her throne unite,
On happy England's soil contented live,
The manly heart here glows with pure delight,
A welcome hand to all we freely give.
Should strangers fancy they might once invade,
To crush the glories which their eyes had seen,
This little isle, the chosen seat of trade,
Our concert words are these : Long live the Queen !
When mighty thrones were crumbling all around,
Our love of freedom, as we gladly find,
Bold tyrants' sceptres falling to the ground,
Was that which suited best the human mind.

Let Commerce hold her undisputed sway,
And discord haunt the despot's golden shore ;
The merchant keeps us longest from decay,
In peace we live, and go to war no more.
With filial love our Lady's face we view,
And on our sovereign's arm securely lean,
Brave sons of Britons all their lives are true ;
Our concert words are these : Long live the Queen !
His praise we sing who rules and reigns on high,
Who still survives when kings and princes die ;
Whose is this earth, and all that is therein,
And has been so since time did first begin.
United throngs, lift up your cheerful voice,
In loud applauses sing, give thanks, rejoice ;
The Lord is high, and great His lofty name,
Earth, seas, and skies, His might and rule proclaim ;
His arm resistless sways each passing hour,
The boldest emblem of His might and power.
His praise we sing, of His salvation tell,
And on his fame from day to day we dwell.
The Lord of life, of space, and endless time,
Whose glory is, through all His works to shine,
Declare His honour, and His wonders show,
The wondrous things men always wish to know.
The Lord is great, who can with Him compare,
Or in His glory claim the smallest share ?

He, more than all things else, on earth, we find,
Is might, and strength, and love, and truth combined ;
His days are endless, by no circuit bound,
Nor when begun, or when to end yet found ;
Heaven He made, the work of His own hand ;
He stays the flood with grains of moving sand,
And down before Him all the nations fall,
Who on His name for help or succour call ;
His strength, His glory, honour, praise, and power,
Our thoughts engage in each successive hour ;
In His high dwelling angels ceaseless sing,
And prayers and praises daily offerings bring ;
To Him ascribe the blessings we enjoy,
Our lengthen'd days, in psalms, and hymns, employ.
Give thanks, rejoice, in loud hosannas long,
His praise repeat in every new-made song ;
Let all the kindreds of the earth unite,
To show His praise, the wonders of His might ;
To Him ascribe the tranquil times we see,
Our present life, and that which is to be ;
The land we live in, all that we possess,
He freely gave, and comfort in distress ;
His boundless love is hereby shown to man,
We no return can make, do what we can.
That worship holy is, which can endure,
In softest light, where all things else are pure,

In boundless space, and limits unconfined,
Where beauty dwells, with holiness of mind ;
Before Him earth, and seas, and nations, stand,
The sovereign works of His almighty hand ;
He reigns supreme, our everlasting King,
The Lord of hosts. Who can before Him bring
The homage due to his almighty sway,
Or debts to Him discharge, which we should pay ?
This world He made, and all the things around,
The air we breathe, the firm and solid ground !
He does by this, His strength unquestion'd prove,
His hand, and His alone, this earth can move :
The Judge of all, who will just judgment give,
On those alive, and those who once did live.
Ye heavens above, and earth beneath, rejoice !
Break forth and sing, raise up your cheerful voice ;
And let the sea, her noise, in concord, bring,
And all that therein is, rejoice, and sing ;
Let all the trees, the woods, and forests know,
In sweetest strains of softest music flow ;
The fruitful fields, for evermore be seen
In vesture bright, of cool refreshing green ;
Nor fail their voice, in this created throng,
To show, His praise, through countless ages long ;
And when at last, He treads that awful round
In Time's revolving circle only found,

When, He arrives, to judge this earth and world,
And ancient solemn records, are unfurl'd,
O may we all, be brought, within that range
Of endless bliss, that never more will change !